

RECORDS



SECOND ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

DESCENDANTS

OF THE

IMMIGRANT, JOHN FOLSOM

HINGHAM, MASS., AUG. 24, 1910

The second annual reunion of the Descendants of John Folsom was called to order by the president of the organization, Mrs. Mabel F. Hutchinson of Melrose, Mass., at 11 a.m., on Wednesday, August 24th, 1910, in the historic First Church of Hingham, Mass., the oldest church edifice in constant use in the United States.

In the absence of the chaplain prayer was made by Rev. John N. Short of Cambridge, Mass., after which all joined in singing "Blest be the Tie."

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary and approved by the meeting. The treasurer read his report and same was accepted.

Mr. William L. Gifford of the Hingham committee on the 275th anniversary of the town detailed the progress of his committee's work toward raising a fund of \$12,000 with which to erect a tower and chime of bells in the churchyard as a memorial to the first settlers of the town. Nearly \$10,000 is now pledged and our members with all other descendants of the early families of Hingham are called upon to contribute to this fund.

It was moved and voted to suspend the by-laws, and in place of a historian and genealogist, to elect for this year, a committee on genealogy, to get this work started and report in 1911.

To nominate this committee and officers for the ensuing year, the president appointed Henry H. Folsom of Somerville, Mass., Herbert A. Folsom of Boston and William H. Folsom of Exeter, N. H.

It was voted to appoint a committee to present a resolution on the death of members during the past year, to mention the names of as many as information could be secured about. The chair named for this, Dr. Anna B. Davis Parker of Boston, Chandler R. Folsom of Brookline and John F. Folsom of Winchendon.

Chandler R. Folsom spoke briefly of a trip to England several years ago, by his father, the late Albert A. Folsom, who did so much in former years to stimulate interest among the members of the family. He showed a set of photographs of the ancestral town, set in a frame made of wood taken from John Folsom's Hingham house when it was torn down in 1875.

Information was asked for by the Harvard Publication Society concerning the fate or whereabouts of Albert Chase Folsom, who graduated or studied at Harvard College 1854-1855, and was later an M.D. in Moultonboro, N. H.

The report of the nominating committee was then made as follows:

For President, Willis H. Folsom, Springvale, Maine.

Vice-President, Channing Folsom, Newmarket, N. H.

Secretary, James E. Folsom, Braintree, Mass.
Treasurer, Willis H. Folsom, Springvale, Maine.
Chaplain, Rev. Harold M. Folsom, Portsmouth, N. H.
For Committee on Genealogy:
Miss Frances A. Mathes, Portsmouth, N. H.
Mrs. Mabel F. Hutchinson, Melrose, Mass.
Mrs. Elizabeth K. Folsom, Exeter, N. H.
Chandler R. Folsom, Brookline, Mass.
Mrs. Anna B. Parker, Boston, Mass.

On motion of Charles C. Folsom of Somerville, these were elected by ballot of the secretary.

On motion of Chandler R. Folsom, Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland was elected to honorary membership in the organization.

Herbert A. Folsom presented to the organization an old church-prayer-book, given him for a souvenir, by the officers of the church at Foulsham, England.

The secretary urged all members to send information to him of births, marriages and deaths as these events occur, and also to assist the committee when writing by giving your ancestry as far back as possible, for the records.

The secretary made the important announcement that the dues have been fixed by the executive committee at \$1 per year, to be paid at or before each annual meeting to insure membership and the receipt of all reports and such other information as may be given out by the organization. Also that the committee has procured a photograph of a most interesting document in possession of Mrs. Burdett who now lives nearly on the site of John Folsom's Hingham home. Mrs. Burdett is herself a descendant of the Ripleys who were next-door neighbors to the Folsoms in Hingham, and this document is a hand drawn plan of the "Little Playne" (still so-called), showing the grants of land made to the different settlers, Edward Gilman and John Folsom among the rest. These photos are for sale by the secretary at twenty-five cents each; as are also post-card views of John Folsom's house which stood in Hingham from 1645 to 1875, and various post-cards depicting our ancestral town of Foulsham, (pronounced Folsom), England, as it is today; and copies of the monthly magazine "Foulsham" published by the church at that place. The proceeds of the material sent on from England has been voted by the executive committee to go to augment an organ fund being raised by the church at Foulsham, whose officers will doubtless be of great assistance to our genealogical committee.

At noon all present were invited to gather in the churchyard for a panoramic photograph by Notman and Co., and eighty-

eight availed themselves of the opportunity, after which all partook of a box lunch in the Hall opposite the church, and spent a social hour.

At two o'clock the bell again tolled for reassembling in the church, and Hon. Frederick M. Hersey whose ancestors accompanied ours from Hingham, England, welcomed us to Hingham in the name of his townsmen.

Vice-president Channing Folsom responded in a felicitous manner and touched upon the settlement of our ancestors in New Hampshire and their early trials.

Miss Frances A. Mathes of Portsmouth, N. H., read a paper depicting the life of the colonists, taking the standpoint of the first John Folsom and giving real history in a most pleasant manner.

This was followed by Herbert A. Folsom, of Boston, who gave a most instructive narrative of his trip through Norfolk, England, in September, 1909, visiting Hingham and Foulsham.

The resolutions committee presented the following which was adopted, a copy to be sent, as far as possible, to the family of every member having been taken away since our last meeting.

"Resolved, That in the passing out from this life of our esteemed kindred and associate in the society of the Descendants of the Immigrant, John Folsom, we who are banded together in the interests of our family have sustained a great loss. We deeply regret this vacancy in our number and extend to the immediate family the heartfelt sympathy of the entire association. Our recording secretary is requested to keep upon our files as full a record as possible of the lives of those who are gone from us, not only that our family records may be as complete as possible, but also that the memory of our kinsmen may make them an ever living presence among us.

(Signed) Chandler R. Folsom,
Dr. Anna B. Parker,
Committee."

Opportunity being given for any member to contribute to the good and welfare of the meeting, Mr. Geo. I. Folsom of Lewiston, Maine, presented an invitation for the next annual meeting to be held in Lewiston, Me. Several expressions of approval were made and the subject went to the executive committee for later action.

On motion adjourned.

Note 1. The resolutions of sympathy have been forwarded to the families of the following named members who have passed away since the meeting at Exeter in 1909.

Horatio S. Folsom of Haverhill, Mass., died in January, 1910.

Edwin Folsom of Corinna, Maine.
Ezra P. Folsom of Spragues' Mills, Maine.
Josiah James Folsom of Exeter, N. H.
Mrs. Lydia Bartlett Folsom Allen of Boston, died July 17,
1910.
George Franklin Folsom of Hyde Park, Mass., died August
19, 1910.
Nathaniel Folsom of Prairie City, Ill., died August, 1910.

TREASURER'S REPORT, October 1, 1910

RECEIPTS

Aug. 25, 1909.	Balance on hand	\$41.35
	Received for dues	118.00
	" from sale post cards, photos and lunches at Hingham	43.10 \$202.45

EXPENDITURES

Sept. 16, '09.	Pd. Mrs. Hutchinson, postage and express	\$11.79
Nov. 26, '09.	" Taylor Press, Printing, etc.	23.50
	" James E. Folsom, postage, etc.	5.40
Aug. 12, '10.	" F. E. Bacon & Co., postcards	8.00
	" F. E. Bacon & Co., circulars	6.00
Aug. 27, '10.	" Galen W. Litchfield, hall rent and services at Hingham	8.00
	" Ensign B. Gardner, janitor Church at Hing- ham, meeting	3.00
Aug. 30, '10.	" E. K. Allen, printing dues receipts	2.25
	" Miles Greenwood, Hingham Grants prints	12.50
	" Weston's Bakery, lunches at Hingham	30.00
Sept. 1, '10.	" F. E. Bacon & Co., printing	5.25
	" James E. Folsom, stamps and envelopes	9.72
Sept. 26, '10.	" H. G. Maddison, organ fund	11.55 \$136.96

Oct. 1, '10.	Balance on hand	\$65.49
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WILLIS H. FOLSOM,

Treasurer.

COPY OF THE HINGHAM, MASS., REGISTER,

AUGUST 24, 1910

(Names being rearranged by localities)

1. Mrs. C. O. Howe, Bangor, Me.	16. Mrs. C. T. Richardson, Lakeport, N. H.
2. Mrs. J. M. Bickford, Bangor, Me.	17. V. C. Brockway, Newbury, N. H.
3. Susan M. Bickford, Bangor, Me.	18. Mrs. Sarah A. F. Brockway, Newbury, N. H.
4. Lindley H. Folsom, Greenville, Me.	19. Channing Folsom, Newmarket, N. H.
5. Mrs. Abbie S. Folsom, Green- ville, Me	20. Mrs. Ruth F. Folsom, New- market, N. H.
6. George I. Folsom, Lewiston, Me.	21. Miss Frances A. Mathes, Ports- mouth, N. H.
7. Orrin C. Folsom, Orrington, Me.	22. Mrs. Emma Cram, Raymond, N. H.
8. Irene A. Folsom, Orrington, Me.	23. George L. Folsom, Newport, Vt.
9. Willis H. Folsom, Springvale, Me.	24. Josiah C. Folsom, Billerica, Mass.
10. William Folsom, Veazie, Me.	25. John Folsom, Billerica, Mass.
11. Mrs. Ada L. Robinson, Veazie, Me.	26. James E. Folsom, Braintree, Mass.
12. Mrs. Susan A. Folsom, Dover, N. H.	27. Mrs. Ethel M. Folsom, Braintree, Mass.
13. Miss Delma L. Fullonton, Dover, N. H.	28. Miss Edith M. Folsom, Braintree, Mass.
14. William Howard Folsom, Exeter, N. H.	
15. Mrs. Abbie N. Folsom, Lakeport, N. H.	

29. James Forrest Folsom, Braintree, Mass.	59. Abbie J. Gardner, Onset, Mass.
30. Herbert A. Folsom, Boston, Mass.	60. Maude W. Gardner, Onset, Mass.
31. Charles I. Folsom, Boston, Mass.	61. Mrs. Edna L. Wright, Plympton, Mass.
32. Miss Ida O. Folsom, Boston, Mass.	62. Mrs. Clara J. Dennett, Plympton, Mass.
33. Mrs. Annie E. M. Lawrence, Boston, Mass.	63. Mrs. Sybil Weld, Roslindale, Mass.
34. M. Alice Wilmarth, Boston, Mass.	64. Arthur N. Folsom, Roslindale, Mass.
35. Dr. Anna B. Davis Parker, Boston, Mass.	65. Emma B. Folsom, Roslindale, Mass.
36. Mrs. H. C. McInnes, Boston, Mass.	66. Charles C. Folsom, Somerville, Mass.
37. Rev. John N. Short, Cambridge, Mass.	67. Josiah D. Folsom, Somerville, Mass.
38. Mrs. Mary F. F. Short, Cambridge, Mass.	68. Henry H. Folsom, Somerville, Mass.
39. Mrs. Helen F. Greely, Dorchester, Mass.	69. Mrs. Sarah E. Reynolds, Somerville, Mass.
40. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Harris, Dorchester, Mass.	70. Mrs. Mary M. Gray, Somerville, Mass.
41. Benjamin F. Folsom, Gleasondale, Mass.	71. Mrs. Lizzie F. Pease, Somerville, Mass.
42. Mrs. Benjamin F. Folsom, Gleasondale, Mass.	72. Mrs. Annie E. Dupee, Somerville, Mass.
43. Mrs. Mary F. Gleason, Gleasondale, Mass.	73. Mrs. Charles D. Folsom, Stoughton, Mass.
44. Albert H. Gleason, Gleasondale, Mass.	74. Miss Jessie F. Folsom, Stoughton, Mass.
45. Emily M. Gleason, Gleasondale, Mass.	75. Mrs. A. B. Colburn, Stoughton, Mass.
46. Mrs. W. H. Brigham, Hudson, Mass.	76. Eugene L. Folsom, Waltham, Mass.
47. Mrs. Viola F. Stratton, Hudson, Mass.	77. Mrs. Mira S. Folsom, Waltham, Mass.
48. Marion F. Stratton, Hudson, Mass.	78. Mrs. George B. Folsom, Wayland, Mass.
49. Mrs. C. M. Tredick, Malden, Mass.	79. Mrs. Mary F. Damon, Wayland, Mass.
50. Miss Helen F. Tredick, Malden, Mass.	80. Marion W. Folsom, West Acton, Mass.
51. Frank E. Folsom, Malden, Mass.	81. Arthur E. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
52. Mrs. Frank E. Folsom, Malden, Mass.	82. Evangeline Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
53. Miss Helen Doris Folsom, Malden Mass.	83. Margaret Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
54. Roy W. Hutchinson, Melrose, Mass.	84. Esther Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
55. Mrs. Mabel F. Hutchinson, Melrose, Mass.	85. Robert Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
56. William N. Folsom, Melrose, Mass.	86. John R. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
57. Isabel H. Folsom, Milton, Mass.	87. John F. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
58. Richard W. Folsom, Milton, Mass.	

88. John Gilman Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.	91. Fred. W. Folsom, Providence, R. I.
89. Mrs. Rose A. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.	92. Mrs. Laura C. Heely, New York City
90. Mrs. E. M. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.	93. Mrs. Francis L. Hills, Chicago, Ill.

There were present at least twenty who failed to register, among them two descendants of John Folsom's daughter, Mary.

Note. There are found to be thirty-six names of the above who signed the register at Exeter, N. H., at the first meeting, August 25, 1909, among others William Folsom of Veazie, Me., who is now eighty-eight years of age; Mrs. C. T. Richardson of Lakeport, N. H., now eighty-seven years old, and John Gilman Folsom of Winchendon, who was eighty years old the day of the Hingham meeting and led a party of ten from his own home that day. Of the tenth generation, the latest so far known, there were present Helen Doris Folsom of Malden, Mass., and Edith Margaret Folsom and J. Forrest Folsom of Braintree, Mass.

Many letters were received by the committee from members of the family who regretted they could not meet with us in person, but assured us of their presence in spirit.

LIST OF MEMBERS

At the time this record goes to press dues have been received as follows:

Ida Folsom Allison, 223 W. 49th St., Los Angeles, Cal.	Ruth Fogg Folsom, Newmarket, N. H.
B. C. Bingham, Saginaw, Mich.	Willis H. Folsom, Springvale, Me.
Mrs. Chas. S. Barrell, 425 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.	Maude E. Folsom, West Epping, N. H.
E. Folsom Carmen, Gallup, New Mex.	George F. Folsom, West Epping, N. H.
Mrs. Emma Cram, Raymond, N. H.	Nellie A. Folsom, West Epping, N. H.
Nellie Folsom Cole, East Livermore, Me.	L. H. Folsom, Greenville, Me.
Mrs. A. B. Colburn, Stoughton, Mass.	Dan'l W. Folsom, Box 115, Foxboro, Mass.
Chas. H. Davis, Saginaw, W. Side, Mich.	H. E. Folsom, Lyndonville, Vt.
Mrs. Clara J. Folsom Dennett, Plympton, Mass.	C. R. Folsom, 154 Salisbury Rd., Brookline, Mass.
Ann Maria Folsom Dimmick, Gilman-ton, N. H.	Wm. Winslow Folsom, Hope, Ark.
Mrs. A. E. Dupee, 6 Highland Ave., Somerville, Mass.	E. F. Folsom, 1517 Elliot Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. Mary Folsom Damon, Wayland, Mass.	W. Burt Folsom, Exeter, N. H.
Mrs. A. S. Dexter, 160 Salisbury Rd., Brookline, Mass.	Elizabeth Knowles Folsom, Exeter, N. H.
Josephine B. Edgerly, Manchester, N. H.	John Gilman Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
Channing Folsom, Newmarket, N. H.	George C. Folsom, 400 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Henry H. Folsom, Somerville, Mass.	Mrs. Eva T. Folsom, Medford, Mass.
James E. Folsom, Braintree, Mass.	H. A. Folsom, Apartado 127, Santiago, DeCuba
William H. Folsom, Exeter, N. H.	Ida O. Folsom, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass.
Elizabeth Taylor Folsom, Exeter, N. H.	George B. Folsom, Wayland, Mass.
	Wallace H. Folsom, Wayland, Mass.

Sam'l W. Folsom, 4106 Franklin Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio
Arthur Hanna Folsom, 396 5th Ave.,
New York City
Dr. W. H. Folsom, Markesan, Wis.
James A. Folsom, Hedding, N. H.
Mrs. A. A. Folsom, 7 Gordon Ter.,
Brookline, Mass.
George I. Folsom, 66 Shawmut St.,
Lewiston, Me.
Annie Lora Folsom, 66 Shawmut St.,
Lewiston, Me.
John F. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
Irod J. B. Folsom, New Bedford, Mass.
Arthur E. Folsom, Winchendon, Mass.
Richard W. Folsom, Milton, Mass.
Eugene L. Folsom, 101 Washington
Ave., Waltham, Mass.
Mira S. Folsom, Waltham, Mass.
Herbert A. Folsom, 112 Water St.,
Boston, Mass.
Fred W. Folsom, Providence, R. I.
Chas. G. Folsom, Somerville, Mass.
William N. Folsom, Melrose, Mass.
Florence N. Folsom, Melrose, Mass.
Miss Jessie Folsom, Stoughton, Mass.
Frank E. Folsom, Malden, Mass.
Mrs. L. H. Folsom, Greenville, Me.
Orrin C. Folsom, Orrington, Me.
Miss Irene Folsom, Orrington, Me.
George L. Folsom, Newport, Vt.
Benj. F. Folsom, Gleasondale, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah E. Folsom, Gleasondale,
Mass.
Marion W. Folsom, West Acton, Mass.
Josiah C. Folsom, Billerica, Mass.
John Folsom, Billerica, Mass.
Mrs. Susan A. Folsom, 31 Summer St.,
Dover, N. H.
Bertha F. Folsom, Burnett, Wis.
Ellen M. Folsom, Burnett, Wis.
Louise M. Folsom, 914 E. 19th St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Montgomery E. Folsom, 1673 East-
burn Ave., Bronx, New York.
Nathaniel W. Folsom, 1673 Eastburn
Ave., Bronx, New York
Levi S. Folsom, Kineo, Me.
L. W. Folsom, Long Beach, Cal.
Delma L. Fullonton, Dover, N. H.
Mrs. John H. Gray, 147 Walnut St.,
Somerville, Mass.
Mary Folsom Gleason, Gleasondale,
Mass.
Abbie Jane Gardner, Onset, Mass.
Helen Folsom Greeley, 10 Ainsley St.,
Dorchester, Mass.
Mabel Folsom Hutchinson, Melrose,
Mass.
Elizabeth S. Hall, Exeter, N. H.
Elizabeth K. Hills, Redlands, Cal.
Alanson C. Haines, Newmarket, N. H.
Hannah W. Haines, Newmarket, N. H.
M. A. Harvey, Epping, N. H.
Mrs. Genevieve Folsom Hallet, 900
Logan Ave., Denver, Col.
Roy W. Hutchinson, Melrose, Mass.
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Harris, 14 Bowdoin
Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
Mrs. C. O. Howe, Bangor, Me.
Mrs. Laura C. Heeley, 165 W. 140th
St., New York City
Mrs. Adeline E. Howarth, 114 Friend
St., Amesbury, Mass.
Ira C. Lambert, Toms River, N. J.
Ella M. Lambert, Toms River,
N. J.
Mrs. Annie E. Melcher Lawrence, 9
Walnut St., Boston, Mass.
Rosilla A. Folsom McCoy, 18 Rock-
well St., Cambridge
Miss Francis A. Mathes, Portsmouth,
N. H.
Susan H. Mathes, Portsmouth, N. H.
Willard Nicholls, Redlands, Cal.
Mrs. James B. Pindell, Minneapolis,
Minn.
Anna B. Davis Parker, 30 Huntington
Ave., Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Annie Folsom Pfeiffer, 900 Logan
Ave., Denver, Col.
Mrs. C. F. Richardson, 6 Highland
Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Mrs. W. P. Reynolds, 23 Pleasant
Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Mrs. Mary Frances F. Short, 3 Warland
Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Viola Folsom Stratton, Hudson, Mass.
Leonard Folsom Smith, Exeter, N. H.
Herman Leonard Smith, Exeter, N. H.
Miss Frances E. Smith, Exeter, N. H.
Mrs. C. Morris Tredick, Malden, Mass.
Miss Helen F. Tredick, Malden, Mass.
DeElsie F. Whitman, 166 College St.,
Burlington, Vt.
Mrs. F. M. White, Winchester, Mass.
Mrs. S. W. Weld, 391 Hyde Park
Ave., Roslindale, Mass.
Henry R. Folsom, 142 Falcon St.,
East Boston, Mass.

Miss Annie S. Folsom, 114 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass.
George W. Folsom, Lenox, Mass.
George W. Folsom, 298 Meridian St. East Boston, Mass.
E. M. Folsom, 10230 Berea Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
George B. Folsom, 437 Downing Ave., Denver, Col.
James L. Folsom, Thompsonville, Conn.
Frank C. Folsom, R. F. D. No. 7, Skowhegan, Cornville, Me.
Mrs. Janet H. Folsom, 3008 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Abbie N. Folsom, Lakeport, N. H.
Mrs. Mary J. F. Cook, Menomie, Wis.
Mrs. Sarah H. Sargent, Manchester, N. H.
Daniel Gilman, Pine St., Exeter, N. H.

Miss Irene R. Foote, Fairfield, Me.
Mrs. Etta M. Covell, Williamstown, Vt.
George N. Morang, Bay and Wellington Sts., Toronto, Can.
Mrs. Lucinda F. Voorhis, 314 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.
Joseph Fulford Folsom, 912 South 16th St., Newark, N. J.
Charles R. Folsom, 414 Allen St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Miss Amy Folsom, 88 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Jessie F. Farrington, P. O. Box, 65, Piermont-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Mrs. Emily J. Davis, Lake Crystal, Minn.
J. B. Folsom, Fargo, N. Dak.
Frederick C. Folsom, Dorchester, Mass.
Stephen S. Folsom, Boston, Mass.

A VISIT TO THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FOLSOMS IN ENGLAND.

Extracts from a paper read by Herbert A. Folsom at the second annual reunion of the Folsom Family, Hingham, Mass., Aug. 24, 1910.

The resolve to visit the ancestral home of the Folsoms was made just after the first family reunion, in 1909. As I had already settled upon a business trip to England, it seemed fitting to spare a little extra time to run over to Norfolk County, in the east of England, where the Folsoms came from, and see what kind of a country it is. I found that Hingham, whence John Folsom departed for America in 1638 is not a railway point, but the little town of Foulsham (pronounced Folsom) a few miles farther north, is on two lines and thus seems the more important of the two.

The desire for old things, so conspicuous a trait of the Englishman, makes it possible for the visitor to England today to see nearly the same local views and the same habits and characteristics of life that were there when our John emigrated to Hingham. From kitchen to drawing-room, utensils and furniture are the same as in colonial days.

Lancashire has yellow brick houses and red tiled roofs. Its macadamized roads and beautiful residences are its features, though the city of Manchester lies flat and has a foggy, smoky, choking atmosphere. While there I was gasping most of the time. The mill-hand does not own his house (there are no mill-tenements, only individual houses as in Philadelphia and Baltimore) neither does the agent of the mill own his mansion; both are built on leased land owned by some lord or duke. There are flowers around the mill-worker's door and while his wages are small, he enjoys life better than with us.

The Lancashire-mill boy enjoys long tramps over the good hard roads across the moors on a Sunday. With clean face, neat neck-tie, polished shoes, his pipe, his cane and his dog, he, together with others of his walking-club, starts out Sunday morning after church and tramps many miles before his return. Perhaps he stops at some prearranged rendezvous to eat his lunch and to join in the singing of the songs with which he is familiar.

Arriving in Yorkshire through a railway tunnel several miles long under a mountain that separates Yorkshire from Lancashire, we marvel at the grand scenery. We had thought that England was one succession of dreary mill towns. Here, however, we see miles of hills and valleys. The train seems to glide along on a high trestle, or even upon the air itself, so far do the valleys appear

beneath us. If we take a motor-car and ride out over the moors, we never fail of a fine view, as there are no trees by the roadside to obscure the sights.

We see twenty different shades of green, and the purple heather; splashes of crimson flowers of the farm-gardens, blue wall flowers, banks of roses everywhere, sweet peas, fushias and asters. We see the pink-cheeked farm lassies, the green grass and thousands of sheep. In England, there are sheep everywhere, even to the very doors of the mills and furnaces.

While Lancashire is characterized by yellow brick dwellings and red tile roofs, Yorkshire is content with a sombre color of grey stone for houses, fences and roofs. All of the stone is moss-covered and some of the roof slabs (or shingles) are as thick as our old-fashioned grave stones and of the same size. The window panes of the farm houses are small diamond shaped, and the windows swing out like doors. Every farm garden is a profusion of flowers, which seem to grow like weeds.

Let us enter a Yorkshire farmhouse. We will go into the kitchen first. If of a large farm, the kitchen will be quite large enough to drive a coach and four about in, a clean stone-slab floor, deep window seats (the walls are quite three feet thick) and rows of brass, copper and pewter kettles and ladles arranged around the walls, meet the eye. Clean wooden tables, stools and chairs, like our grandmothers used to have, give the impression of a glimpse of colonial days.

We are asked to take refreshment,— cakes and buttermilk, or, of course, the inevitable tea. But what is that we smell cooking? Oh! we are hungry now, after the long motor ride. Look at the set range and open fire of coals, with cranes and hooks for tea kettles and things. Something is being slowly turned to the glowing coals.

It may be a goose, or a rabbit, or a little pig, and in that chafing-dish affair, what is that stewing? Oh! that is some mushroom sauce, or else sauce for the Yorkshire Pudding. "Come, sit thee down, lad, and I'll fill up thy platter." The Yorkshire Pudding, with savory brown gravy, tastes much like a Pop-over or a waffle.

The cheery, red-cheeked host takes pride in showing you around. He says "thee" and "thou" to everything, even to the dog. Meantime, the mistress of the household is showing the ladies around the pantries and rooms, explaining the Chippendale furniture, rare old china, and other heirlooms, with which these old estates are filled.

An English village would be incomplete without its ivy-covered stone church and its public house. The latter has a

swinging sign board and bears some such odd name as the "Blue Goose," "Purple" or "Green Dragon," "Red Lyon," or quite frequently "The King's Arms."

The church if it happens to be the only one of the village, is invariably of the Established Church of England. It is usually very old. Just as with us down south, we are still discussing the civil war, forty years back, so in England, they still lament Cromwell's doings two hundred and fifty years ago. You are shown cracked altars, defaced head plates, carvings, etc., all due to Cromwell's activities, so they say. In Leeds you are shown the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, cemented and braced, as an everlasting monument to the fanaticism of Cromwell and his men.

I have gone rather extensively into the types of North England, but the sub strata of the Yorkshireman and the Norfolkshireman are the same; of course, in conversation, the Yorkshireman is quick, and he can, if he wants to affect it, talk broad with a burr and a sputter that beats the Scotch. His vocabulary is large; his expression spicy and specific. He prides himself that his language is that of Shakespeare.

The East of England man is slow and deliberate; his diction is pure, quite like that of New England a generation ago; he has but little of the sing-song drawl that our tourists effect.

Speeding along towards Norfolk we first stop for an hour at Nottingham, a thriving midland town. Here you are shown Robin Hood's Caves. I recalled to memory Robin Hood, Allan a Dale, Little John and Friar Tuck; also Guy of Gisbourne and the High Sheriff of Nottingham. It was a pleasant reminiscence. Passing through Peterboro, with a glimpse of its cathedral spires, we noted that the country was growing flatter, with more trees.

Let us pause as the train bears us swiftly along towards Norwich and look back into history.

We find ancient Britain peopled with Celts and Britons, who were driven westward, — the Celts into Scotland and Ireland, the Britons into Wales, by the Angles and Saxons, alternating with the Romans, who first built the wonderful roads and bridges we see today.

From the east came also the Danes who pillaged and occupied Norfolk and the East of England, to a greater or less extent, for centuries; finally came the Normans, who were destined to exert a lasting influence. Thus Britain has been the battle-ground of many a contest for racial supremacy and it has naturally been in the east and in the southeast, where the entering wedge was made, that the struggle has been most bitter.

With the advent of the Normans, we begin to hear of the

Folsoms, with their biblical and Norman names: — John, Thomas, William, Richard, Roger and Nicholas; a generation or two after John Folsom's emigration to Hingham, the family name gradually disappears in England and today seems to be almost extinct there.

The Normans, a blend of the Gauls and the Danish people, were a marvelously energetic race, bringing a knowledge of Crafts and Arts, quickly adapting themselves to custom, but improving upon and building better than what they saw or acquired. They have ever reached westward, and their influence is felt even today, although as a race they have become submerged and obliterated.

In the time of William of Normandy, who came across with an army of sixty thousand men, there was published in 1086, Domesday Book, the first authentic record of Estates and Realties. In it is mentioned the place called Foulsham, in the Hundred of Eynsford, a royal demesne, one of the Lordships of which Edward the Confessor died possessed. It appears to have been the chief place of the Hundred (that is, the district of a hundred families or estates) as there, an inquiry was held by King Edward the First, upon his return from the Holy Land concerning the state of the Demesne Lands, on account of the Sheriff who had defrauded the king and oppressed the people.

The Domesday Book also stated that there was a church at Foulsham whose glebe was twenty-two acres.

Over the arch of the doorway at the west end of the tower of the present church at Foulsham, we find the arms of England and Normandy and those of the Lord Morley de Foulsham.

In the Hundred Rolls, or, is it in the Battle Abbey Rolls? (the list of knights who fought with William of Normandy) we find the name Ermald (meaning sea-eagle) de Foulsham. This is interesting, if my transcript is correct and authentic, as it establishes the Family name three hundred years before the time of the great John de Foulsham, prior of the Norwich Monastery, who died in 1348, and who is mentioned on page 11 of the Genealogy.

The history of Norfolk (Bloomfield and Parkin) mentions Elias de Foulsham, rector of Bokenham, 1349. Nicholas de Foulsham, in the 20th year of the reign of Edward 1st; Simon de Foulsham, bailiff, Yarmouth, 1446; Thomas de Foulsham, rector of Clippesly, 1490. In the visitations of Norfolk, previous to 1552, we find Thomas, son of Sir William Gyrling of Wellingham, wedded to Ellen Folsom, and in the same volume, a son of Sir John Curson of Gaywood Manor, near Lynn, wedded to Miss Margery Gilman of Norwich. Thus we hear of the family intermarrying into royalty, contemporary with the time of our John.

and, possibly, of a line of Folsoms of the Lord Morleys and the present amiable and youthful Lord Hastings.

It seems that the Folsoms must undoubtedly have been of Danish and Norman descent. Many were gentlemen's sons entering the clergy, others were no doubt in the army and navy, and I am quite confident that had John Folsom remained at home, he would have joined Cromwell's army. Even Cromwell himself, considered at one time going to America, but changed his mind to become later the leader of a great cause, which gave prestige to the English speaking people everywhere.

At Norwich I put up at the Maid's Head Hotel, a quaint old place steeped with antiquity. Unlike the public houses of Yorkshire, it has no garden with seats beneath the shade; instead, one rides right on to the ground floor and leaps out of his carriage into the lounge-room. It seems to have a seaport air, with old iron chests and curios like loot from a pirate ship. Among other things, they show you the room and the bed where Queen Elizabeth slept.

The old sections of Norwich seem like a mediaeval village, and I don't think can have changed much in three to four hundred years. Do you remember Mark Twain's "Prince and the Pauper?" which tells of the boy king Edward VI? I do not mean the story, but the illustrations in the book; the narrow streets, crooked gabled roofs (some with straw thatch), upper stories hanging over the street, small windows and heavy oak doors? Well, that's old Norwich today.

Among the churches, the cathedral stands pre-eminent. Its spire stands 315 feet high and is tipped with a gilded fowl or rooster. When I saw that I thought to myself, "Now I must surely be near the fowls or fouls of Foulsham." Its interior construction is like that of other abbeys and cathedrals in England but is the best of all, in my estimation. The interior stone work is of a white and yellow sandstone and does not look dingy like most of the ancient churches. It has a grand organ and three electrically fitted echo organs in the galleries to help in the service. It contains the vault of Sir William Bolyn, grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. In the grounds are grouped a portion of the Benedictine Monastery, the Bishop's palace, the Deanery, and the old Grammar School where is pointed out the desk where Nelson, afterwards the great Admiral Nelson, sat and carved his initials.

From Norwich, I went by train a few miles northwest to a place called Hardingham. There I hired a trap for a four mile drive to the southwest to the town of Hingham. The driving was good and every little while I passed a pretty farm cottage snuggled among the trees and hawthorne bushes. Again, I saw hundreds of sheep, but in this district, I am told, the sheep are raised for

chops and roasts rather than for wool. I saw immense flocks of turkeys, fine fat fellows, and fowls. Truly this was the fowls or soul's home. I arrived at Hingham quite unawares. The town has two lazy four-armed windmills, a group of a dozen brick or stucco houses, several taverns and the church. At the rectory I was directed by the rector's wife, Mrs. Upscher, to the places of interest in the church, and told about the gift of the portion of old altar-stone to the town of Hingham, Mass.

I resumed my journey by train, and a few miles northeast of Hingham, arrived at Foulsham. I met an old railway man named William Herod who directed me to the two or three taverns of the town. I selected "The King's Arms" as being the most likely contemporary with John Folsom's time.

Herod walked over to the tavern with me, and, understanding that I came from the United States, said, "Do you happen to know of a Mr. Folsom, superintendent of a railway in America?" Right well did I know that he referred to the late Mr. A. A. Folsom, superintendent of the Boston and Providence railway, the man who built the fine old Park Square Station with its tower and illuminated clock; who brought up the efficiency of the railway to so high a degree that the regular running-time of express trains between Boston and Providence was under one hour; who took a kindly interest in colonial history and in the Folsoms.

"Mr. Folsom was here twenty-six years ago," said Herod. "He was studying railway systems and incidentally, he came here to look up his ancestors. He corresponded with some of the people, and later several of the boys on the railway here went to America to work on his railway. I have been on this railway all the time since then, and to my knowledge, you are the first American to visit the old town in all that time. It seems strange that you should have the same name." He spoke highly of Mr. Folsom, and expressed sorrow at his demise.

The "King's Arms" is a modest sort of place, but not at all shabby, and it has all the conventional markings of a typical English public house. The proprietor, Mr. James Kelter, did everything in his power to make my welcome a hearty one, and I was soon seated in front of a platter of mutton chops and vegetables. It began to be rumored around town that a stranger, an American, had arrived, and the populace began to assemble. I was too busily eating to be annoyed by their curiosity, but it was amusing to see how they watched my every action, and I am afraid I was guilty of a little extra fancy table etiquette for the edification of the children, who were out in force.

During the evening I held quite a reception and I asked all

the questions that I could possibly think of. I slept soundly upon an old-fashioned canopy bed, and awoke the next morning to the cackling of hens and the gobbling of turkeys. When it was time to depart that afternoon, I asked for my bill and found it comprised six items, totaling six shillings eight pence, about a dollar and sixty-five cents, which isn't so bad for a room and three square meals and attendance.

Foulsham has a wind-mill, a church and a group of buildings very similar to those in Hingham.

It has the ruins of an ancient castle and moat, and the appearance of having been once an important locality, but one from which enterprise and individuality have long ago departed. The people express great interest in everything appertaining to America and are proud of the fact that there are so many of us bearing the old family name here.

My visit to Foulsham was not perhaps a very fruitful one in the matter of interesting details and information, but I shall always be glad I made it. It is possible that some salient facts may soon be presented to the organization, in as much as only a year ago, the old parish records mentioned by Mr. Chapman, in the genealogy, as having been destroyed by fire were found miraculously, in a Norwich book store.

My visit has shown me that we spring from an eminently respectable locality, and from a strain of righteous and superior people. The fact that there were so many great Folsoms in the olden days should be an incentive to us here today to emulate their example and to do the best that is in us for God and humanity.

WHAT JOHN FOLSOM MIGHT HAVE TOLD HIS CHILDREN OR A PICTURE OF JOHN FOLSOM'S LIFE IN HINGHAM, MASS.

Extracts from a paper by Miss F. A. Mathes prepared entirely from historical material, and read at the Hingham Reunion.

As several of our former townsfolk of Hingham, England, had gone in 1633, over to the south-west side of Massachusetts Bay and found a favorable location at Bare Cove, a delegation of us took boat from Charlestown, where we had landed from the Diligent, in August, 1638, and went over there to see what were the chances for us.

We found along a well-watered shore, a series of low hills, covered with a good variety of trees that promised extremely well for me, as I hoped to do my part in the new community, largely, in dealings of lumber. Elm, oak, linden, sassafras, pine, hemlock, and fir were most conspicuous. The beavers had cleared a large space near Great Hill and Bare Swamp, so we had a few meadows at the start; the marshes made us feel at home, for our low lands in Norfolk had proved their help in the care of our cattle and also in calling in seabirds.

Opportunities for fishing were made still greater by numerous inlets and streams on the borders, as well as by the nearness of the deep sea. Salt works had already been set up, down Martin's Lane.

We climbed some of the near, ledgy cliffs and were astonished at the extent and picturesqueness of the view opening out before us; the dark forests made a background for the sea, and I remember how the sombre green of the marsh grass was set off by the silver thread of the channel, as the tide had fallen. Many bright colored birds were flying, although the season of song was past; berries and nuts as well as yellow fall flowers, added variety to the scene.

The town of Bare Cove had been well started in 1633, by the Jacobs brothers, Ralph Smith, the two Edmund Hobarts and a few others, to whom the Indians had given the tract of land by a deed. In 1634, the township was assessed, so it had already proved itself worthy the addition of the forty-two who came with our minister, Rev. Peter Hobart, in 1635. So many of these men were from Hingham, England, that the Plantation was erected as the town of Hingham, on September 2, 1635, the twelfth town established in Massachusetts. Thirty men drew for land in the first allotment that same month; this plan of dividing the land continued for some years. Meadow property was reckoned most valuable, corn lands next, and woodland lowest; these were apportioned to each man according to his need.

While the Indians were friendly enough, these Settlers had realized the necessity of being near each other for protection; they had not forgotten what Capt. John Smith wrote of the natives; that "they were kind, but in their fury no less valiant." So the Chubbucks, Lorings, Hobarts, Coopers, and Herseys had all built their houses near the Cove, while John Otis had the beautiful hill, jutting out into the harbor — he called it Weary-All Hill, in remembrance of one near Glastonbury, where he had spent a good part of his youth. The Bakers also had a hill section to the west, but they built their house at its foot. The Lincolns lived near.

Every one had to be more or less of a farmer; but Wm. Hersey, some of the Lincolns, Chubbucks, Lanes and Wakelys were more occupied with land than most of the others.

These old friends were ready with warm welcome to give us shelter until we could build houses for ourselves; and to each of our party in 1638, they allotted some of the land of which there was still enough and to spare.

Those of us who were entitled to vote, were called freemen, and had to pledge subjection to and support of the laws, and allegiance to the government; to gain this right, we presented ourselves before the General Court of the Colony, which met in Boston, four times a year. Our town seemed already of some importance, being at the border line of two colonies, and we really were independent, thinking that we need not obey the rules of either; but as time went on, we were glad to become part and parcel of the Bay Colony. Matthew Cushing, the Lincolns and a few others proved trusty guides in civil questions.

Father Gilman's family was so large that it filled the small house available for them, but we were fortunate in having a room at the Smith's until we got our own log house ready. I set right about finding some good smooth trees and soon had the logs in place, and warmly packed with clay that we stiffened with straw, as did the Hebrews of old. With a good central chimney, we kept fairly comfortable. To be sure, life was different from that of England, but there was exhilaration in the air, joy in the heart and sympathy in the social atmosphere, so that we did not mind the deprivations.

Your mother was busy enough. She soon learned from her neighbors how to prepare the new kinds of food we had. The Indians taught us the value of corn, squash, pumpkins, beans and the sunflower seeds. The sweet corn was a luxury in its short season, and the yellow corn was a new thing. We pounded it in mortars until Eames, Ward and Allen started the first corn mills in 1643. We never suffered from lack of good food as some of

the earlier settlements did; our maid, Lucy, was always ready to go down Gold Lane or to Mast Swamp for a berry picking; the boys early began to gather nuts and wild cherries at Hockley and Nutty Hills; the grapes had a tang that gave us a fine sauce for our meats and wine for our desserts. The wild pigeons, turkeys and ducks, the numerous seabirds, the abundant game in the forest, supplied us not only with the best of food and with skins for warm clothing, but also gave us the recreation of hunting. Indeed we had to keep our cattle and goats in enclosed pastures, as raccoons, foxes and wild cats, not to speak of wolves and bears, were dangerous neighbors, even if we did value their fur for our winter needs, and also for export to the mother country.

As to fish, we had never before known so great a variety, not to speak of turtles or the inexhaustible beds of clams to be had for the digging on the flats at our very doors. We soon learned to store up our meal so that we had no lack, even in the long winters; and if we sometimes fell short of one variety of food, we learned to make shift some other way.

The mistress and maids together looked after the table, the dairy, the cleaning of house, silver, pewter, and clothing. In the spring, under a growing moon and at flood tide, they made soap from the accumulations of the winter. In the autumn, they made candles from tallow, beeswax or the bayberry wax so abundant along our rocky pastures. They made medicines from herbs, and preserves of every kind.

The spinning wheel was active, sheep's wool giving us the warm homespun cloth we need for our cold winters here in New England, and we soon had some to sell. Some of you must have noticed how your mother treasures those blankets she wove in Hingham — the ones with the letters wrought into the corners. We did not see flaxwheels at work until we had been settled a few years; then we missed our English linen so much that we sowed flax and soon had linen for steady use.

The Indians made baskets, mats, and boats which we were glad to buy, and from which we took pattern for later amendments.

Beal and Lane were our shoemakers; Hust and Leavitt our tailors; some of our best citizens were weavers. Martin Thaxter Thomas Lincoln and Edward Hobart; Allen and Martin were the chief millers. Betscome's little haberdashery shop was our only one and so became a sort of village exchange. The chief business was the making of buckets, piggins, keelers and tubs; these early became known far and wide, through the shore towns, although the industry began in a small way; the boys used to whittle useful articles for the kitchen, and many of them took up wood turning

as a trade. The fishing business needed a good many buckets, so Edmund Gold, the first pailmaker, was in great demand; some of you must remember Gold's Lane where he lived; then there were the Coopers, Cantleburys, Leavitts, Towers, Stodders, Whitons and some of the Lincolns. John Eels supplied us all with beehives, for we learned to depend much on honey for our sweetening. Turner's ship yard at Goose Point, began as early as 1637, to build excellent boats for our increasing coastwise traffic.

We usually made our own carts, ox-sleds and sleighs; but as our roads were only trails through brush, brier, or forest, horses were more in demand than carriages.

The boys and girls had to help in the care of the sheep and cattle, in sowing and weeding and in the general chores about house; but you would often find the boys stealing a little time for kite, marbles, top or skates, and the girls making dolls of flowers, nuts or burrs, weaving chains of leaves or blossoms, or squeezing paint from berries.

Captain Joshua Hobart and I early secured from the town liberty to maintain sawmills on the Rocky Meadow and Bound Brooks, and we soon had a thriving business. I was occupied in the woods much of the time, and it was a great relief when I got hold of a good pair of strong oxen to drag the fallen trees to the mill. We selected the best wood for our houses and furniture. When an especially smooth oak or cherry was found, it was laid aside for chairs and tables. The larger trees were used for lumber, and the tall ones for masts. We were soon sending cedar and pine to Boston, and even farther away. Certain sections of poorer wood were given over for fuel, while some of the resinous branches served us well for torches. Our wild fruit trees had a hard time in the spring with the hungry caterpillars, but we tried to keep them off as best we could. In 1640, so many shade trees had been cut down, that an order was issued that all the rest should be kept to shade the cattle and to give a comfortable place for the exercise of the militia. There is a fine growth of pines over near Conahasset. I wonder how long it can be kept; we called it the Forest Sanctuary, it was so much like our old dear haunts in England.

My house on Main Street, I built about the time Israel was born; the old log house was too small, so I got out some strong oak timbers for a more roomy and permanent home. I planned the rooms so that we might get all the warmth possible from the one chimney we could afford, bricks being rather expensive and scarce in those days. The front had two stories; — the steep roof running down over a longer slope at the back, gave us a fine attic for storage, and extra bedrooms off the big living room, where we had a noble

fireplace, the kitchen being provided with a similar convenience with cranes and ovens to help the cooking. Another lean-to beyond the chimney gave us this kitchen with cupboards and store-rooms adjoining. We added a number of settees, chairs and tables that we made ourselves, the store we had brought from England being insufficient for the use of the larger household. It was a good house if I do say it and when brother-in-law, Daniel Cushing, bought it, he thought he had his money's worth.

I thought then that Daniel was a promising man, so that I am not surprised that he has become not only a practical leader in civic affairs but also an authority on matters of history. His records are likely to be invaluable to later generations.

When I joined the Hingham settlers in 1638, all freemen of the Massachusetts towns had the privilege of voting by proxy or in person at the General Election held in Boston; but our members had increased so much that in 1640 the General Court decided that we should vote at home and send the records to the Court. Some trials of other plans were made but this prevailed.

As early as 1638, we were much excited over the demand by the English government for the Massachusetts patent and charged our delegates to stand against giving it up.

In 1643 the towns were set into counties and Hingham fell into Suffolk; a long contention about our border line was settled at Accord Pond at the extreme south end of the town; here met three trails — to Plymouth, to Middleboro and to Boston. As early as 1640, a good road was opened as far northeast as Newburyport. That same year, the Governor and Council gave us liberty to use our meetinghouse as a watchhouse. We then formed a company of militia for regular drill, each town being required to protect itself. We also built a good garrison house. Hingham had a steady growth, and the town business usually went on very smoothly, but in 1644 we got into a terrible altercation. The militia company of Hingham and a party of Parson Hobart's friends were dissatisfied with the appointment by the magistrates of Lieutenant Eames to be Captain of the company; and they voted to have Bozman Allen. Eames insisted that as the magistrates had not told him to lay down the office, he was the captain. The next Lord's Day, Parson Hobart, after his sermon, called Eames to account for this act, as a liar, but Eames stood his ground. The Parson and some others tried to bring about excommunication at once, but most of the churchmen thought a little delay might mend matters without that extremity.

However Eames had four prominent men on his side who brought the matter before the colony officials; five of the Hobart

party were summoned to Boston to give sureties for their appearance at the next General Court. Parson Hobart lost control of himself and made the magistrates so angry that they threatened to commit him to prison. Soon, with three or four others, I was accused of speaking in church untruths about magistrates. After much refusal, petition, arrest, and talk, we finally had a hearing in the Boston Meeting House. We had in one petition named Deputy Governor Winthrop as unwilling to hear our cause, so he insisted on sitting below the bar as an accused person. After two days of wrangling talk, the magistrates agreed that the petition was false, that the petitioners were offenders, deserving to be censured, and that Governor Winthrop should be acquitted and righted. The deputies agreed to all but the censure. Small fines were set; \$50 in all; my share as they apportioned it, was rather large, but somehow or other, it was discovered that I was by no means a chief offender and my part of the fine and censure was remitted altogether. I was very much interested in Governor Winthrop's speech at that hearing. Among other things, he said that the magistrates got their authority from the people who should trust them; so if the voters found fault with them, it would reflect upon the people who chose them; he said also that men have not liberty to do wrong.

You will realize that my fellowtownsmen felt that I had not grievously erred when you know that they chose me the very next year as one of the seven men to manage the affairs of the town. We had to deal with many details such as to assign land, settle boundaries, arrange taxes and elections, barter with Indians, look after stray cattle, runaway apprentices, scolding wives, and attend to a variety of legal and military matters.

The church was a very important factor in the life of the town. The loghouse with its belfry and bell was already standing when we settled in Hingham, and when the palisades were added in 1641, it looked like a refuge for a time of need.

On March 11, 1644, Daniel Lincoln, Edward Gilman, Jr., and two other young men were allowed to build in a gallery. After this, as soon as the sermon was over, the occupants of the pews there started down the stairs, passed two by two, up one aisle and down the other, leaving their offerings of money for the support of the preaching as they came to the deacons' pew, near the minister's desk.

We were all proud of the Bay Psalm Book which was published in Boston in 1640. Anne Bradstreet's Poems in 1640 and Peirce's Almanac of the same year — familiar enough to you all now — were real additions to our pleasure and profit.

Our minister, Parson Hobart, was a born leader; he was well educated — a Cambridge man; a great student and thinker as well as a natural wit; but he was also self-willed and obstinate — as indeed, many of the rest of us truly were, but he had a great idea of the importance of his office. I was in sympathy with most of his views, but after a while, he seemed too overbearing. He managed the parish affairs without the advice of the church; indeed, we came into sad, unbrotherly contentions over the matter.

After the Parson had resisted the fines in the militia matter, he had talked about obeying the English law in preference to our own; my faith in him was thereby much weakened and as I have always been a great believer in freedom of conscience and in the duty and right of self-government, I was the more ready to listen to your grandfather Gilman's talk about the advantages of the New Hampshire Colony. He had already bought land here in Exeter, so I took an early opportunity of coming down to look around with Neighbor Leavitt, and we were well enough satisfied to buy some sixty acres of timber as well as to secure house lots in the village.

We went back to Hingham; before long I sold my mills to Thomas Joy, the house carpenter and too ardent lover of liberty as the selectmen thought; Chubbuck and other planters bought the lands I had cleared of timber. Daniel Cushing hired my house for a while, but bought it later on. My affairs in Hingham being thus brought to a satisfactory settlement, we started a second time for a new home which has proved a happy one; but we have not forgotten our early years at Hingham and have been back to visit the Cushings often enough to keep in touch with the old haunts, the old days, and best of all, the old friends.